

Alice In Chains "Private Hell"

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Give away a love
And then remove another too
Painted words adorn the walls
Echoing untrue
I feel cold

Promises abound
You rarely find it to begin
Maybe I'm afraid
To let you all the way in
I guess so

I excuse myself
I'm used to my little cell
I amuse myself
In my very own private hell

I excuse myself
I'm used to my little cell
I amuse myself
In my very own private hell

Lately I'm beside myself
Pretending, unconcerned
Standing at a corner
Where I threw you on a turn
I'll move on

Flowers on a cross remain
Mark an ending scene
Damn it all if blood you spill
Turn the grass more green
Life is short

I excuse myself
I'm used to my little cell
I amuse myself
In my very own private hell

I excuse myself
I'm used to my little cell
I amuse myself

In my very own private hell

I amuse myself

In my very own private hell

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